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QUEST FOR THE STARRY SKIES

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Tongue Of Slip!!

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Photograph: Marwati Imsong, XI H



-Tanisha Bhadra, Editor-In-Chief

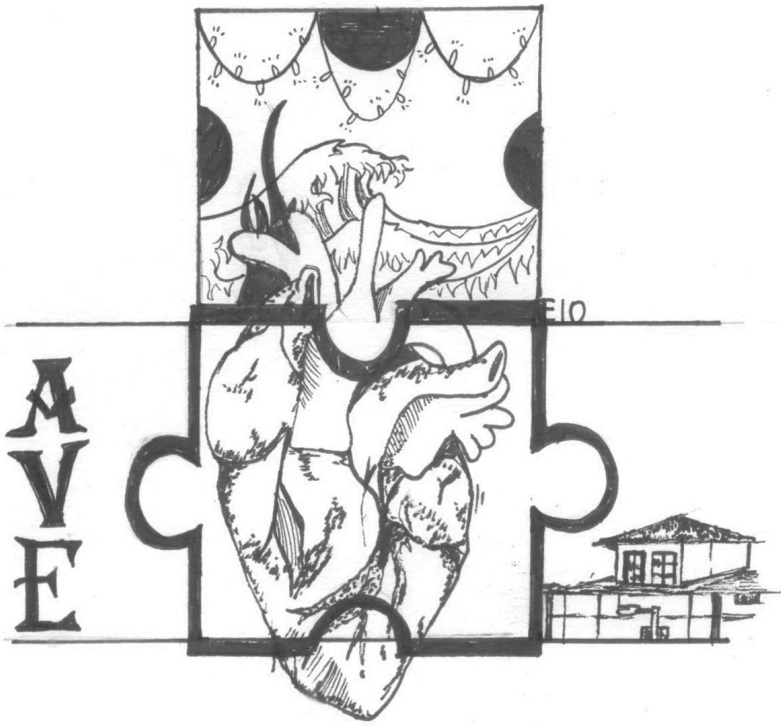
It was a Wednesday afternoon when the seemingly smart geek, the pretty boy in the hoodie and I met the people of The Room on a virtual platform. Little did I know that a couple of months down the line, the ensemble of strangeness I saw that day would turn into

CHEERS TO MORE LUCY STORIES AND TRIP TALES, AND 'CONNECTING THE DOTS' IN BETWEEN!

a family (of weirdos) knit so closely. Unlike most of my counterparts, I cannot think back to 'one' day or 'one' incident that drew me close to The Room Above The Library. It slowly grew on me. Likewise, I grew with it. Quite often during online school days, I had to turn into the annoying friend of the group who'd cancel day-out

plans at the very last moment. Thanks to AVE. Yet, on the other hand, a couple of months at a completely new place, I have received more than what I could ask for. Thanks to AVE again. Besides regular café food, better wi-fi and a place to chill, I'm grateful also for the constant push I've felt here. The push that makes me put that extra bit of effort, the push that makes me do things I didn't know I could do. It's the same force that makes me believe that we're on our way to glory, where the show must never end. The room, the people, the work, the stories, the yellow lights on Friday evenings and so much more, seem to fill a void that I did not know existed in me. Cheers to more Lucy stories and trip tales, and 'connecting the dots' in between.

When I happen to pause for a while and look back at the ride that the last couple of months have been, I find my conscience reminding me to go that extra mile. I hope when your time comes, you do too. Because that extra mile, is not crowded.



Miserable and Magical

-Moom Lego, Deputy Editor

Sometimes I like to just keep quiet and observe the world in its course. I notice the wind blowing by quietly as my friends laugh at little inside jokes that we share. The clouds move little by little every second, clearing out the way for the sun to shine on the coloured leaves. As I notice these little things, I think to myself, "This specific moment is never going to repeat itself." Next time, maybe the winds would sing louder for the leaves to sway along or maybe the jokes would have gotten too old to be funny anymore. Watching all these tiny details, most times unnoticeable, working in their own course, doing what they were meant to do at that specific moment of time is like watching a satisfying fall of a long line of dominoes that never seems to end, in slow motion. Everything being where they are meant to be. Humans are like walking puzzles. All of us build up of different pieces, each piece representing a certain memory, place or lesson. When you meet someone for the first time, you cannot see clearly what picture their puzzle depicts, you can only assume. You have to start solving the puzzle, start getting to know them to see their picture clearly and understand them. I have a certain piece in my puzzle that represents a certain place in the school that is close to my heart. It's a chaotic place but in

its chaos, I find peace. The sound of the keyboard keys clicking away to tell another story, hands dancing to the rhythm of their hearts while drawing, minds constantly working to search for the next new idea and the panicked voices of people struggling to reach deadlines, they are all like an orchestra in perfect harmony. When a week's work is done and the fairy lights are lit up against the curtains, it feels like home.

Fate is a confusing and unpredictable thing. For some of us, even unbelievable. But I would be lying if I said that I did not believe in it. I think all the pieces in my puzzle fit wholly with each other and without one of them, I would be lost. The sketch my puzzle portrays would change and the arrangement of my pieces too. So when I look at myself and see all my pieces fitting each other so easily, it just makes me believe that everything happens for a reason. Everything will be where they are meant to be. I look forward to the years that are still to come and create even more pieces to my puzzle, like adding a sun by drawing a circle on MS Paint next to the triangular mountains, and I hope your picture grows into a beautiful painting too. I hope you find pieces that make you smile and warm your heart, like how The Room's piece does to me.

"AND ISN'T IT
JUST SO PRETTY
TO THINK,
ALL ALONG
THERE WAS
SOME INVISIBLE
STRING TYING
YOU TO ME?"

-TAYLOR SWIFT

QUEST FOR THE Starry Skies

-Neelabh Kashyap, XI HB

Illustration: Eloziini Senachena, XI S



The novice mage prepared for his quest, armed with knowledge of an arcana he had half not;
A sky above the sky he had been staring at from the bottom of the well, and long sought.
He tightened his grip on the tattered grimoire, lest the magick he had learnt he forgot;
The pages, gnawed from within by the bookworms of time, had long since begun to rot.

The grimoire was opened, a page was ripped, where magick for flight, he had previously stored.
The Lord of the West Winds heeded his call; and his feeble body, the westerlies enveloped.
Zephyrus' Breath propelled him upwards, to the starry sky above the sky that he had always sought;
His crude, embryonic magick, though, held not long; and down to earth, he eventually dropped.

He lifted his eyelids which had unknowingly closed; he found himself surrounded by tattooed walls;
Flambeaux strewn about haphazardly on them; at other places, there was nothing but scrawls.
Covered in thick layers of dust and grime, ancient tomes and parchments adorned the hall;
The gazes of those who had been here before lingered on him as he took a stroll.

In the middle sat, emanating wisdom that came only with age, a colossal serpentine creature;
Its blue and green scales shimmering in the flambeau's light cast upon him an epileptic stupor.
"A cup of homebrewed camellia sinensis, boy?" the dragon's eyes twinkled with humour;
"No, thank you, I don't drink that stuff," the young mage politely declined the offer.

The dragon smiled and sipped on its brew, "Zephyrus seems to have brought you here?"
"I know not where I'm really supposed to be," was the mage's rueful answer.
"The westerly winds are seldom wrong; there's a reason why you're not elsewhere;
They take you where you're fated to be; it isn't by error that you're in this chamber."

The flames of the flambeaux flickered and faltered, dyeing the chamber in an eerie shade of red;
"The light is getting dimmer and darker; the flames need to be rekindled and fed,"
The dragon stated, eyeing the grimoire – the pages – that the mage's arms embraced.
"I'm afraid the flames will only die out," said he, "for the pages have long decayed."

"The flames won't ever die out; they'll take on a different shape, burn with a different colour;
Hence, infuse your magick into your grimoire; create new pages; and let them kindle the fire."
"You're a dragon," argued the mage, "Can't you keep them ablaze with your own power?"
"Of course, I can," chuckled the dragon lightly, "And you'll be gazing at the starry skies forever."

"Your pages won't be the only ones feeding it," through its nostrils, tongues of flame, it fumed;
And the sound of muddled footsteps and whispers, throughout the hall, reverberated and boomed.
The dragon smiled and sipped on its brew: "Some others seem to have found their way into this room;
New tales will be written, new magick will be made; new tattoos and flames, on the walls, will bloom."

Setting Sail

-Marwati Imsong, Xi HB

Someone once asked me, "How did you join AVE?" and I who didn't know of the events that transpired just smiled and answered, "It just happened!" After that I sat back and pondered deeply upon how I genuinely got to where I am now, and it hit me that it was never in a grand and spectacular way. A 45-minute Zoom meeting was all it took for me to get to know the people and realize that I would very well like to spend the precious few moments of my time in AVS with them.

What took place in that short span of time would eventually go on to diversify and add vibrance to my life altogether because honestly speaking, I'm slow-moving and not a man of many words; what really pulled me in was the folks - the ones who matched the vibe I was

so ravenous for. I came bearing stories and tales, and a voice that was yearning to get them across to the people; and the people at AVE accepted me, with my plethora of stories, for who I am. It's only been a few months since I joined the room but it feels like years have flown by with so many memories that I have now come to treasure. The distinct scent of the room which reminds me of home and its walls hiding a story of its own in every corner - one can say that I found a home in the room above the library.

And now, thinking back to the time when that certain someone had asked me, "How did you join AVE?", I would still choose to answer that it 'just happened'. I just happened to find my ship, my treasure map, and my sea route; I found the crew with whom I shall sail the sea till the end. It won't be an easy journey as the winds will take the ship to waters we may not find comfortable to sail in, and I know that if I stray away from my course, it will be nigh impossible for me to find my way out of the devouring waters; but we must make the most out of every day as in the end its not worldly treasures that will matter but the memories that I have spent with the people.



Illustration: Eloziini Senachena, XI S

CAMPUS NEWS

Cheers to the ones that we got!

The Newcomers Evening and Cultural Programme took place on the 6th of March. A much looked forward to programme it was anchored by newcomers Alka Jhawar and Kaustav B. Arya of Class 11. The program started with the fashion show 'DHUNKI' by newcomers and the Class 12s. Next was an all new choir who sang 'Believer'. Jyoti Liyak danced to a medley followed by an energetic group dance by girls of classes 5 to 9. The 4th performance was a solo performance by Devrani Pebam of Class 11 who performed a fusion dance of classical Manipuri Dance and freestyle. The new students of Lower School performed a skit which received much applause from the audience. The Newcomers evening ended with an amazing display of live art by Zainab and Garlina while Jyotishmoyee Charingia sang a beautiful medley. The Cultural Evening began next and was a collection of colour and music. Hosted by Gazal Panesar and Shripriya Kajaria, it brought the evening to an end on a beat.

Very wary

Social Service League in collaboration with the Department of Hindi organised a street play for the Community to educate them about the upcoming Assembly Elections in Assam which began on the 27th of March.



A Blessing

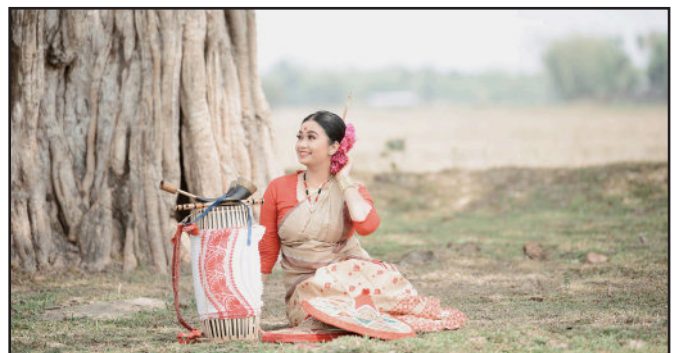
Heartiest Congratulations and all good wishes go out to Mr. Niranjana Samaddar and his wife. They have been blessed with a baby boy. May the mother and baby stay safe & healthy.

To New Beginnings



A special lunch for the Girls' Department was arranged at Likla Garden of Tsuki on 18th of March. The feast was in celebration of the new chapter that began in the history of our institution. The afternoon was dedicated to the first elected school captain from this side of the Seven Sisters Lane, for new beginnings deserve to be marked.

Graceful Victory



Orihona Bikash secured the first position in the Inter DU Folk Dance Competition "Baawra" held by Vivekanand College in category Bihu.

Passing It On

After 16 years of exemplary service, Mrs. Sahana Majumdar stepped down from the position of Director of Educational Administration (DEA) and 'Chair' of Geography on the 31st of March, 2021. She will continue in her role as Teacher of ICSE Geography till the 20th May, 2021 (ICSE Geography Examination).

Mrs. Majumdar has shouldered both these positions with great acumen over the years and has now passed the baton of the position of Head of Lower School (HLS) to Mrs. Joyce MacDonald. Ms. Kamalica Bhowmick has taken over from her as the Head of Geography department.

Ripple #156

-Marwati Imsong, XI

All I could catch was a
glimpse
Amidst the busy crowd,
her eyes spoke to me
More than words could
She drifted away
slowly never to be seen.

Tongue Of Slip!!

1. "My sunscreen is 50 SPS" -Param Nongmaithem, School Captain, Batch Of 2020 (*Keep the sunscreen away from AVE*)
2. "North East comes in Assam" -Prakriti Sharma, XI (*Clearly you're not a local*)
3. "Saturday dinner is lunch right?" -Indrani Phukan, XII (*That's some food for thought*)
4. "It doesn't working" -Manlee Angh, XI (*Like your grammar?*)
5. "I have more gooder pictures" -Dikshita Bhuyan, XI (*Anything is better than your grammar*)

Keep It Reel!

THE OLD AND THE NEW

-Hrishi Raj Sureka, XII



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